

HARVEY KURTZMAN'S

HELP!

FOR TIRED MINDS

35¢

JANUARY 1961, NO. 6 JCD

inside

ROGER PRICE

ROBERT SHECKLEY

RAY BRADBURY

a report from

CASTRO'S CUBA

by Paul Coker

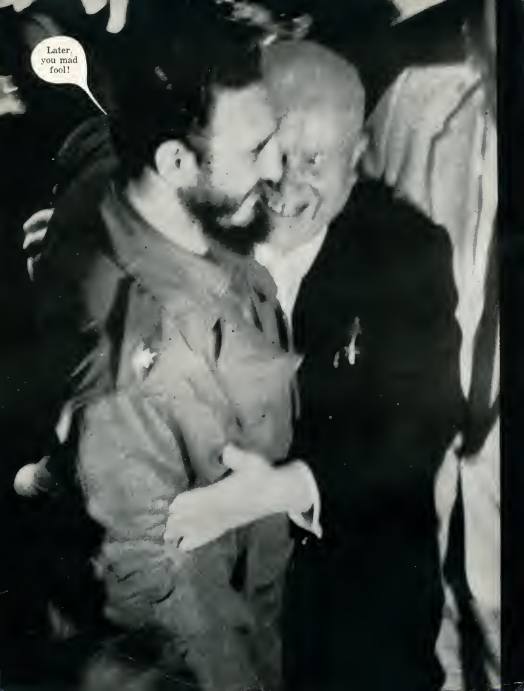
and outside

JONATHAN WINTERS



Ron Harris

Later,
you mad
fool!





THE PACKET SHIP "SHACKAMAXON" 1821





HELP!
has
pictures
suitable
for
framing

Leave a copy in the office
of that dentist you hate and
watch him lose customers.



Sorry
sir, no
smoking there
either.

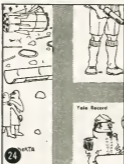
HELP!

VOL. 1, NO. 6 JANUARY 1961

editor HARVEY KURTZMAN
publisher JAMES WARREN
assistant editor GLORIA STINEM
production KERRY CRISTEN



The Watchful Poker Chip of H. Matisse by Ray Bradbury



RODDERS... MEET POT'S GEFFULIO!

BY
"RED" SHIR-CLIFF

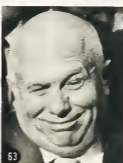


THE OPEN WINDOW by Saki



The Prize of Peril

by
Robert
Sheckley





LETTERS

COMPLIMENTS

This is to inform you that **HELP!** has been designated as the official publication of U.S.A. (United Sadists Association.) Since this great honor has been bestowed upon your magazine, we hereby grant you permission to use "Approved by the U.S.A." anywhere in your magazine.

Fred Fallik
(vice-president)
Yonkers, New York

Recently, quite by accident I read your funny magazine. May I say this, I really enjoyed every blessed page, in fact I enjoyed your magazine so—that I read it over three times, I kid you not!

Samuel J. King
Buffalo, New York

Even we don't do that!—ed.

Thanks for a great third issue. Your magazine in my opinion is tops. Keep up the good work, and how about an article on the correct way of playing Russian roulette. All my friends say I cheat.

Jeff Lowery
Landsdale, Pa.

After reading the latest issue

of your magazine, we were prompted to write you a letter of commendation.

We of the Chaparral have been following your publication with interest, and have noted that it gets better with each issue.

Best of luck in the future.
Bill Kitchen, Editor
The Stanford Chaparral
Stanford, California

And we have been following your publication with interest ... see page 24—ed.

COMPLAINTS

My mind is not tired. As much as I like **HELP!** magazine, I would like to see more text, and fewer movie stills with captions. Also, how about fewer reprints and more original material as in **HUMBUG**. I thought the two reprints in **HELP!** #2 (Bierce and Tenn) were interesting, but somewhat out of place.

I'm subscribing to **HELP!** with the hope that you will be presenting more original material in future issues.

Bill Spicer
Glendale, California

Have thoroughly analyzed your No. 4. Your cry is justified.

You do need help. So do your readers. But neither you nor they really realize the desperate predicament both they and you are in. As long as they have 35¢ to spend on such inanity, both of you are \$%-&* enough to supply the inanity both of you will be able to laugh it off. What is it? If you don't know what it is you are trying to laugh off you are beyond help, no matter how desperately you may need it. Help is simply bad. Too bad. It's the empty laughter of the Faceless Man. The withered wit of the mindless caught in a corner and confronted with their witlessness. Adolescent senility. The death rattle of a land that never grew up.

C. A. Freeman
Palm Springs, Florida

CAN'T COMPLAIN

Gee, youse guys is doin' a great job. I suppose I might get this letter printed if I complained that some of it was in poor taste, but I don't happen to think that any of it was. Which fact makes it difficult to do much about it. I liked the whole thing.

Maggie Curtis
Oberlin, Ohio

This will be a short letter of comment because I have nothing to complain about in issue #4, except that there was not enough, which is not a complaint.

Don Thompson
Cleveland, Ohio

JERRY LEWIS

If Jerry Lewis consents to do something for your magazine, then your magazine is definitely alright. I am a fan of Jer's and I think he is a wonderful guy. Not perfect, but wonderful! Thank you for having him in your magazine.

(Miss) Marion Dickson
East St. John, N. B.

SHIR-CLIFF

Bernard Shir-Cliff's pungent article on British pilots was the most execratically comical thing I've found since the day I picked up S. J. Perelman in the library and he gave me one of his books. Several of my good friends here are pilots, and they broke up. One chap completely disintegrated, but you mustn't feel bad about that because he was a racist, and has been trying to disintegrate the schools, so it served him right.

David Donaldson
Miami, Florida

But
I swear
I voted for
Kennedy.



More Shir-Cliff on page 29—
ed.

HELP GALLERY

I am happy to see you take contributions of cartoons, as I believe this is good encouragement to the struggling young cartoonist and gives them a really good opportunity to one day reach higher on the ladder of success so that they too can get lazy, take it easy, stop struggling and become less humorous. Actually, my hat is off to you (I am writing this in an elevator anyway . . .) . . . but my hat is really off (and you probably think by now that my head isn't on too tightly either) but my hat is off . . . (What was I going to say?) Oh yes my hat is off to you for giving the opportunity for your readers (who ever they may be) to contribute their own comic ideas. Bravo and an extra hooray for that! And remember: The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton.

Bill Boeckman
Los Angeles, California

DISCS IN MARKET

I hate to dispute your word, but in your October issue, on pages 60 and 61, you have a

group of records which you say one is not likely to find in the supermarket. I happen to work in a supermarket, and as of today, we have on sale four of the fourteen.

Patricia Wittkamp

OK OK!!—ed.

MAIL

When HELP! first came out two months ago, I sent a letter to you. You promptly replied, stating that my letter would appear in the Letter Column in issue #3. I have just purchased issue #3 and I am greatly disappointed for my letter was omitted. I told friends that my words would be in print in your magazine, and they bought it with the impression of seeing the promised material. Now they are all mad at me for giving them a "burn" steer. Could you please include my letter in issue #4, so once again I can regain my friends. Thanking you very much I am . . .

Harley Lord
Los Angeles, California

We're late but we're sincere—
ed.

Your magazine says, I quote, "Please address mail to HELP," unquote. Why should I address

my mail to your idiotic magazine?

Sirron Kcillg
Yellowknife, N. W. T. N. Y.

Please address all mail to
HELP! Letters, Dep't 6 545
Fifth Avenue, New York 17,
N. Y.

COVER STORY

Jonathan Winters insisted on worrying about the fate of humanity, but everyone else enjoyed the premature New Year's party thrown by HELP! for this month's cover.

Celebrating to Jonathan's right is curvy actress Teri Hope, the ingenue lead in "Force of Impulse." In the background is another blonde young actress, Ann Harris, who is currently playing in "Pity Me Not." And on the other side, backview only, is HELP's own assistant editor, Gloria Steinem. (The duties of a HELP! editor are many and diversified. Those of a production man are, too: that's Harry Chester's hand clutching a champagne glass in the foreground.)

Jonathan Winters did stop worrying about atomic attacks long enough to utter Winter-cisms that sent us into mad fits of chuckles. If you want to share the chuckles, we commend you to the next best thing to Winters-in-

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person, i.e. Winters-on-record. (See page 62.) We understand that his records sell more than any other in the magazine. If you've heard 'em, you'll know why.

CUBA

They said it couldn't be done. They said nobody could do it. But he did. Artist Paul Coker, that is, and what he did was come back safely from Cuba where we sent him for news-behind-the-news of Castro's regime.

Secretly, (here we mutter "heh heh" and stroke our imaginary beard), we were disappointed that he didn't get arrested—think of the publicity for HELP!—but his sketches are so good (see page 47) that we've almost forgiven him for returning.

Let's see, maybe next month, we'll send him to Red China...

BEATNIK STORY

Like, man, like when HELP! goes to Beatsville, we go! In a five-and-a-half room, seventeen-dollar-a-month, Village walk-up, we gathered the beatest Beats we know, added eight bottles of Chianti, a case of beer, bongos, two guitars, a rick-y-tik piano, a mandolin, a camera and mixed well. Turn to page fifteen for the result.

And for more of our star, Roger Price, read his latest book, *J. C. the Upright Ape* (and if you haven't already, try *Mad Libs*, *Son of Mad Libs* and *The Conformer*) or his new record, "Roger and Over." He's so successfully funny, he's got his own publishing company called Price-Stern, which will be to humor what Macmillan is to text books.

We highly recommend Roger. He's a nut.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

For HELP!, this New Year's Eve is more important than all the one-thousand nine hundred and sixty others because it's the first. We were looking forward to this in September when we had these pictures taken of HELP!'s editors, publisher, and wholesalers at the annual C.P.D.A. convention in New York City. They're our New Year's cards to you, and we send them along with a big **HAPPY NEW YEAR FOR EVA'BODY!**





All right,
Murray,
he's learned
his lesson. I
don't think he'll
ever call me
flat-chested
again.



The Watchful Poker Chip of H. Matisse

by
Ray Bradbury

When first we meet George Garvey he is nothing at all. Later he'll wear a white poker chip monocle, with a blue eye painted on it by Matisse himself. Later, a golden bird cage might trill within George Garvey's false leg, and his good left hand might possibly be fashioned of shimmering copper and jade.

But at the beginning a terrifyingly ordinary man.

"Financial section, dear?"

The newspapers rattle in his evening apartment.

"Weatherman says 'rain tomorrow.'"

"Time for bed."

By his look, quite obviously born of several 1907 wax window dummies. And with the trick, much admired by magicians, of sitting in a green velvet chair and—vanishing! Turn your head and you forgot his face.

Yet the merest accident made him the nucleus for the wildest avant-garde literary movement in history!

Garvey and his wife had lived enormously alone for twenty years. She was a lovely carnation, but the hazard of meeting *him* pretty well kept visitors off. Neither husband nor wife suspected Garvey's talent for mummifying people instantaneously. Both claimed they were satisfied sitting alone nights after a brisk day at the office. Both worked at anonymous jobs. And sometimes even they could not recall the name of the colorless company which used them like white paint on white paint.

Enter the avant-garde! Enter The Cellar Septet!

These odd souls had flourished in Parisian basements listening to a rather sluggish variety of jazz, preserved a highly volatile relationship six months or more, and, returning to the United States on the point of clamorous disintegration, stumbled into Mr. George Garvey.

"My God!" cried Alexander Pape, erstwhile potentate (continued)



of the clique. "I met the most astounding bore. You simply must see him! At Bill Timmins' apartment house last night, a note said he'd return in an hour. In the hall this Garvey chap asked if I'd like to wait in his apartment. There we sat, Garvey, his wife, myself! Incredible! He's a monstrous Ennui, produced by our materialistic society. He knows a billion ways to paralyze you! Absolutely rucoco with the talent to induce stupor, deep slumber, or stoppage of the heart. What a case. Let's all go visit!"

They swarmed like vultures! Life flowed to Garvey's door, life sat in his parlor. The Cellar Septet perched on his fringed sofa, eyeing their prey.

"Anyone wants to smoke—" He smiled faintly.

Silence.

The instructions were: "Mum's the word. Put him on the spot. That's the only way to see what a colossal *norm* he is. American culture at absolute zero!"

After three minutes of unblinking quiet, Mr. Garvey leaned forward. "Eh," he said, "what's *your* business. Mr. . . .?"

"Crabtree. The poet."

Garvey mused over this.

"How's," he said, "business?"

Not a sound.

Here lay a typical Garvey silence. Here sat the largest manufacturer and deliverer of silences in the world; name one, he could provide it packaged and tied with throat-clearings and whispers. Embarrassed, pained, calm, serene, indifferent, blessed, golden, or nervous silences; Garvey was in there.

Well, The Cellar Septet simply wallowed in this particular evening's silence. Later, in their cold-water flat, over a bottle of "adequate little red wine" (they were experiencing a phase which led them to contact *real* reality) they tore this silence to bits and worried it.

"Did you see how he fingered his collar! Ho!"

"By God, though, I must admit he's almost 'cool.' Mention Muggsy Spanier and Bix Beiderbecke. Notice his expression. *Very* cool. I wish I could look so uncaring, so unemotional."

Ready for bed, George Garvey, reflecting upon this extraordinary evening, realized that when situations got out of hand, when strange books or music were discussed, he panicked, he froze.

This hadn't seemed to cause undue concern among his rather oblique guests. In fact, on the way out, they had shaken his hand, thanked him for a splendid time!

"What a really expert A-number-1 bore!" cried Alexander Pape, across town.

"Perhaps he's secretly laughing at us," said Smith, the minor poet, who never agreed with Pape if he was awake.

"Let's fetch Minnie and Tom; they'd love Garvey. A rare night. We'll talk of it for months!"

"Did you notice?" asked Smith, the minor poet, eyes closed smugly. "When you turn the taps in their bathroom?" He paused dramatically. "*Hot water.*"

Everyone stared irritably at Smith.

They hadn't thought to try.

The clique, an incredible yeast, soon burst doors and

Civil War Vignettes by Jack Davis



windows, growing.

"You haven't met the Garveys? My God! lie back down in your coffin! Garvey *must* rehearse. No one's *that* boorish without Stanislavsky!" Here the speaker, Alexander Pape, who depressed the entire group because he did perfect imitations, now aped Garvey's slow, self-conscious delivery:

"*'Ulysses? Wasn't that the book about the Greek, the ship, and the one-eyed monster! Beg pardon?'*" A pause. "Oh." Another pause. "I see." A sitting back. "*'Ulysses* was written by *James Joyce*? Odd. I could *swear* I remember, years ago, in school . . ."

In spite of everyone *hating* Alexander Pape for his brilliant imitations, they roared as he went on:

"Tennessee Williams? Is he the man who wrote that hillbilly 'Waltz'?"

"Quick! What's Garvey's home address?" everyone cried.

"My," observed Mr. Garvey to his wife, "life is fun these days."

"It's you," replied his wife. "Notice, they hang on your every word."

"Their attention is rapt," said Mr. Garvey, "to the point of hysteria. The least thing I say absolutely explodes them. Odd. My jokes at the office always met a stony wall. Tonight, for instance, I wasn't trying to be funny at all. I suppose it's an unconscious little stream of wit that flows quietly under everything I do or say. Nice to know I have it in reserve. Ah, there's the bell. Here we go!"

"He's especially rare if you get him out of bed at four

A.M.," said Alexander Pape. "The combination of exhaustion and *fin de siècle* morality is a regular salad!"

Everyone was pretty miffed at Pape for being first to think of seeing Garvey at dawn. Nevertheless, interest ran high after midnight in late October.

Mr. Garvey's subconscious told him in utmost secrecy that he was the opener of a theatrical season, his success dependent upon the staying power of the ennui he inspired in others. Enjoying himself, he nevertheless guessed why these lemmings thronged to his private sea. Underneath, Garvey was a surprisingly brilliant man, but his unimaginative parents had crushed him in the Terribly Strange Bed of their environment. From there he had been thrown to a larger lemon-squeezer: his Office, his Factory, his Wife. The result: a man whose potentialities were a time bomb in his own parlor. The Garvey's repressed subconscious half recognized that the avant-gardists had never met anyone like him, or rather had met millions like him but had never considered studying one before.

So here he was, the first of autumn's celebrities. Next month it might be some abstractionist from Allentown who worked on a twelve-foot ladder shooting house-paint, in two colors only, blue and cloud-gray, from cake-decorators and insecticide-sprayers on canvas covered with layers of muckilage and coffee grounds, who simply needed appreciation to grow! or a Chicago tin-cutter of mobiles, aged fifteen, already ancient with knowledge. Mr. Garvey's shrewd subconscious grew even more suspicious when he made the terrible mistake of reading the avant-



garde's favorite magazine, *Nucleus*.

"This article on Dante, now," said Garvey. "Fascinating. Especially where it discusses the spatial metaphors conveyed in the foothills of the *Antipurgatorio* and the *Paradiso Terrestre* on top of the Mountain. The bit about Cantos XV-XVIII is brilliant!"

How did the Cellar Septet react?

Stunned, all of them!

They departed in short order when instead of being a delightfully mass-minded, keep-up-with-the-Joneses, machine-dominated chap leading a wishy-washy life of quiet desperation, Garvey enraged them with opinions on *Does Existentialism Still Exist, or Is Kraft-Ebbing?* They didn't want opinions on alchemy and symbolism given in a piccolo voice. Garvey's subconscious warned him. They only wanted Garvey's good old-fashioned plain white bread and churned country butter, to be chewed on later at a dim bar, exclaiming how priceless!

Next night he was his old precious self. Dale Carnegie? Splendid religious leader! Hart Schaffner & Marx? Better than Bond Street! Member of the After-Shave Club? That was Garvey! Latest Book-of-the-Month? Here on the table! Had they ever tried Elinor Glyn?

The Cellar Septet was horrified, delighted. They let themselves be bludgeoned into watching Milton Berle. Garvey laughed at everything Berle said. It was arranged for neighbors to tape-record various daytime soap operas which Garvey replayed evenings with religious awe, while the Cellar Septet analyzed his face and his complete

devotion to *Ma Perkins* and *John's Other Wife*.

Oh, Garvey was getting sly. His inner self observed: You're on top. Stay there! Please your public! Tomorrow, play the Two Black Crows records! Mind your step! Bonnie Baker, now . . . that's it! They'll shudder, incredulous that you really like her singing.

The mob-mind, said his subconscious. You're symbolic of the crowd. They came to study the dreadful vulgarity of this imaginary Mass Man they pretend to hate. But they're fascinated with the snake-pit.

Guessing his thought, his wife objected. "They like you."

"In a frightening sort of way," he said. "I've lain awake figuring why they should come see me! Always hated and bored myself. Stupid, tattletale-gray man. Not an original thought in my mind. All I know now is: I love company. I've always wanted to be gregarious, never had the chance. It's been a ball these last months! But their interest is dying. I want company forever! What shall I do?"

By December Mr. Garvey was really frightened.

The Cellar Septet was now quite accustomed to Milton Berle and Guy Lombardo. In fact, they had rationalized themselves into a position where they acclaimed Berle as really too rare for the American public, and Lombardo was twenty years ahead of his time; the nastiest people liked him for the commonest reasons.

Garvey's empire trembled.

Suddenly he was just another person, no longer diverting the tastes of friends, but frantically pursuing them as they seized at Nora Bayes, the 1917 Knickerbocker Quartette, Al Jolson singing "Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go



With Friday on Saturday Night," and Shep Fields and his Rippling Rhythm. Maxfield Parrish's rediscovery left Mr. Garvey in the north pasture. Overnight, everyone agreed, "Beer's intellectual. What a shame so many *idiots* drink it."

In short, his friends vanished. Alexander Pape, it was rumored, for a lark, was even considering hot water for his cold-water flat. This ugly canard was quashed, but not before Alexander Pape suffered a comedown among the *cognoscenti*.

Garvey sweated to anticipate the shifting taste! He increased the free food output, foresaw the swing back to the Roaring Twenties by wearing hairy knickers and displaying his wife in a tube dress and boyish bob.

But, the vultures came, ate, and ran. Now that this frightful Giant, TV, strode the world, they were busily re-embracing radio. Bootlegged 1935 transcriptions of *Vic and Sade* and *Pepper Young's Family* were fought over at intellectual galas.

At long last, Garvey was forced to turn to a series of miraculous tours de force, conceived and carried out by his panic-stricken inner self.

The first accident was a slammed car door.

Mr. Garvey's little fingertip was neatly cut off!

In the resultant chaos, hopping about, Garvey stepped on, then kicked the fingertip into a street drain. By the time they fished it out, no doctor would bother sewing it on.

A happy accident! Next day, strolling by an oriental shop, Garvey spied a beautiful *objet d'art*. His peppy old subconscious, considering his steadily declining box office

and his poor audience-rating among the avant-garde, forced him into the shop and dragged out his wallet.

"Have you seen Garvey lately?" screamed Alexander Pape on the phone. "My God, go see!"

"What's *that*?"

"Mandarin's finger-guard." Garvey waved his hand casually. "Oriental antique. Mandarins used them to protect the five-inch nails they cultivated." He drank his beer, the gold-thimble little finger cocked. "Everyone hates cripples, the sight of things missing. It was sad losing my finger. But I'm happier with this gold thing-amajig."

"It's a much nicer finger now that any of us can *ever* have." His wife dished them all a little green salad. "And George has the *right* to use it."

Garvey was shocked and charmed as his dwindling popularity returned. Ah, art! Ah, life! The pendulum swinging back and forth, from complex to simple, again to complex. From romantic to realistic, back to romantic. The clever man could sense intellectual perihelions, and prepare for the violent new orbits. Garvey's subconscious brilliance sat up, began to eat a bit, and some days dared to walk about, trying its unused limbs. It caught fire!

"How unimaginative the world is," his long-neglected other self said, using his tongue. "If somehow my leg were severed accidentally I wouldn't wear a wooden leg, no! I'd have a gold leg crusted with precious stones made, and part of the leg would be a golden cage in which a bluebird would sing as I walked or sat talking to friends. And if my arm were cut off I'd have a new arm made of copper and jade, all hollow inside, a section for dry ice in it.



JOANNE BOU, MARK STEVENS IN SEPTEMBER STORM

And five other compartments, one for each finger. Drink, anyone? I'd cry. Sherry? Brandy? Dubonnet? Then I'd twist each finger calmly over the glasses. From five fingers, five cool streams, five liqueurs or wines. I'd tap the golden faucets shut. 'Bottoms up!' I'd cry.

"But, most of all, one almost wishes that one's eye would offend one. Pluck it out, the Bible says. It was the Bible, wasn't it? If that happened to me, I'd use no grisly glass eyes, by God. None of those black, pirate's patches. Know what I'd do? I'd mail a poker chip to your friend in France, *what's his name?* Matisse! I'd say, 'Enclosed find poker chip, and personal check. Please paint on this chip one beautiful blue human eye. Yrs., sincerely. G. Garvey!'"

Well, Garvey had always abhorred his body, found his eyes pale, weak, lacking character. So he was not surprised a month later (when his Gallup ran low again) to see his right eye water, fester, and then pull a complete blank!

Garvey was absolutely bombed!

But—equally—secretly pleased.

With the Cellar Septet smiling like a jury of gargoyles at his elbow, he airmailed the poker chip to France with a check for fifty dollars.

The check returned, uncashed, a week later.

In the next mail came the poker chip.

H. Matisse had painted a rare, beautiful blue eye on it, delicately lashed and browsed. H. Matisse had tucked this chip in a green-plush jeweler's box, quite obviously as delighted as was Garvey with the entire enterprise.

Harper's Bazaar published a picture of Garvey, wearing the Matisse poker-chip eye, and yet another of Matisse,

himself, painting the monocle after considerable experimentation with three dozen chips!

H. Matisse had had the uncommon good sense to summon a photographer to Leica the affair for posterity. He was quoted. "After I had thrown away twenty-seven eyes, I finally got the very one I wanted."


Reproduced in six colors, the eye rested balefully in its green-plush box. Duplicates were struck off for sales by the Museum of Modern Art. The Friends of the Cellar Septet played poker, using red chips with blue eyes, white chips with red eyes, and blue chips with white eyes.

But there was only *one* man in New York who wore the original Matisse monocle and that was Mr. Garvey.

"I'm still a nerve-wracking bore," he told his wife, "but now they'll never know what a dreadful ox I am underneath the monocle and the Mandarin's finger. And if their interest should happen to dwindle again, one can always arrange to lose an arm or leg."

And as his wife put it only the other afternoon: "I hardly think of him as the old George Garvey any more. He's changed his name. Giulio, he wants to be called. Sometimes, at night, I look over at him and call, 'George,' but there's no answer. There he is, that mandarin's thimble on his little finger, the white and blue Matisse Poker-Chip monocle in his eye. I wake up and look at him often. And do you know? Sometimes that incredible Matisse Poker Chip seems to give out with a monstrous wink." **END**

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Well-ll yes,
Myrna, I suppose it
does sound like a crude
suggestion. But after
all, we've been room-
mates since Vassar.



by Gloria Steinem

Starring . . .

ROGER PRICE as
Peerless Fosdick

Carol Robbins as
Mamie VaVoom

Leslie Sanford as
Jack Carroway

Rose Gregorio as
Mary Jane

Photography by Ron Harris





Hah!

I'll get
a promotion
for this.



No more
pounding a
beat... my own
squad car...



... say, like
is this the, uh,
"party" like?

It
ain't the
Salvation
Army,
daddio.

Listen,
conform-
ist—I ran
with the
original
genuine
beats.

Mus? That
your whole
vocabu-
lary?

I like, like,
like, like,
like, like,
like, like.









I leave
with a lighter
heart, Freda, knowing
we've broken the boy
of picking
pockets.





"NO,
NOT
HERE,
ARE!"

Monique



"TRY S-E-C-K-S."

C.C.N.Y. Monique

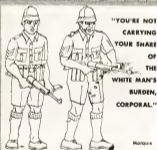
help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP will pay a magnificent \$5.00 for every single cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELP! 545 5th Avenue, New York City. Enclose thick self-addressed envelope to ensure return of rejections.



"CAREFUL — THERE'S STILL ONE STAGE LEFT TO BE EJECTED!"

Monique



"YOU'RE NOT
CARRYING
YOUR SHARE
OF
THE
WHITE MAN'S
BURDEN,
CORPORAL."

Monique



Yale Beaud

"I TOLD THE CAP. BY TRYING TO TALK HIS SUBSTITUTION."



SCHWARTZ



See
New
York?
Someday it'll
all be
ours!

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

"Tomorrow will be a new day." Miguel De Cervantes in *Don Quixote*.

¹⁰Yes, but where leaves the Roses of Yesterday?" Edward Fitzgerald in *Omar Khayyam*.

"As if you could kill time without injuring eternity." Henry David Thoreau in *Walden*.

"Great actions are not always true sons of great and mighty resolutions." Samuel Butler in *Hudibras*.

"Two pence a week, and jam every other day." Lewis Carroll in *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*.

"A wise woman never yields by appointment. It should always be an unforeseen happiness."
Henri Beyle Stendhal in *De L'Amour*.

"Beware of enterprises that require new clothes." Henry Thoreau in *Walden*.

"So far, about morals, I know only that what is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after." Ernest Hemingway in *Death In the Afternoon*.

Civil War Vignettes by Jack Davis



THE GUEST WHO BROUGHT A BANJO



JOHN
S. GARDNER
1919

RODDERS
...MEET
POTS GEFFULIO!

BY "RED" SHIR-CLIFF

Now that the first National Indoor Drag Race is definitely set, tension is running high as the big bombs rev up for the fastest drag this side of Bonneville.



continued

RODDERS ...MEET POTS GEFFULIO!



This month we bring you a special interview with "Pots" Geffulio. As you rodders know, Pots is rated right up there with Arnie Fons and Mike Czernovich as the nation's top competition dragger.

We started right off with the big one:

"Pots, who's going to take the National Indoor?"

"Well, Red, that's a hard one. I'd say though that in dragging, the fellow who can dig out and get down to those flags in the shortest time will be the winner. That's almost certain."

"Then you think driving will count?"

"Absolutely, Red, I think in drag racing the driver is definitely a factor."

"Can you simplify that a little bit?"

"When I drive I follow a definite set pattern. Once I come off the line I want to give those carbs plenty gas. Then I concentrate on steering in a straight line. Then at the end of the run I take my foot off the gas and bear down on those brakes. I'd say those are the three basic essentials — gas, steering and brakes in that order. A lot of young drivers want to mix around with tricks and maybe use the brakes first but I say they're wrong."

"Coming from you, that's good advice."

"It sure is, Red. A fellow wants to really improve himself and win races he's just got to memorize — gas first and then the brakes."

"What about engines, Pots?"

"Engines will almost certainly be a factor, Russ."

"Red."

"Engines will almost certainly be a factor, Red."

"Do you see any new engine developments as counting heavily? A lot of people are saying you got to have a blown engine or a twin mill rig to win. How do you feel about that?"

"That's for sure."

"What are you coming in there with?"



AND THEY WERE IN THE SAVAGE INNOCENTS

"I'm coming in there with twin Allison V-12's mounted tandem with dual carbs for each bucket and twin blowers."

"That's quite a rig! If I count it right, that's twenty-four cylinders and forty-eight carburetors, is that right?"

"Uh . . . would you repeat the question?"

"Would you say you've got plenty of horsepower?"

"You've got plenty of horsepower."

"No — I was asking you. Have you revved her up yet?"

"We haven't really revved her up yet, but we expect to peak out at around 4,000 horse."

"Wowee! And the dragster itself?"

"Same as last year, Red. I call it the Geffulio Special but it's basically the Volkswagon rails with 48-inch slicks in back and four-inch scooter wheels up front."

"Four-inch wheels up front?"

"It's a safety precaution, Red. Actually the front end of the bomb is off the ground throughout the race. We just don't like to take chances."

"I'm glad you said that, Pots. A lot of folks think hot-rodding and drag races are just reckless speed and thrills."

"Nothing could be farther from the truth. Actually we're out to perfect the American family car and improve safety on the highway. Even if the front wheels don't normally touch we think Mr. Average Driver is better off with a full set of rubber up front."

"A truer word was never spoken, Pots. I just hope Detroit is listening. But to get back to the National Indoor — is there any driver in particular who you thing will give you trouble?"

"Yeah. There's that sonova —"

"Just the name, please."

"— Arnie Fons. Any time you blast down the strip with Arnie you're in trouble."

"How's that?"

"The moment the race starts he shuts his eyes."

"He races with his eyes shut?"

"Sometimes he faints."

"No wonder Arnie's such a rough competitor! I understand you and Arnie are going to be paired in the National Indoor — that right?"

"We're going to burn a little rubber."

"What speed will it take to beat Arnie?"

"I say we'll both hit over 240 miles per hour."

"How about that! Two hundred forty miles an hour — from a standing start — and in just a quarter mile!"

"Actually that's not quite right."

"How's that?"

"This is indoors, so the course had to be cut down to 100 yards."

"You mean you'll hit 240 miles per hour in just a hundred yards?"

"That's right, Red."

"But how will you ever stop?"

"Well, Red . . . I guess we'll just have to face that problem when we come to it."

* * *

And that's the word from Pots Geffulio — one of the gamest drivers who ever spun a wheel. Something tells us this time Pots is going all the way!

END





No matter
how they deny it,
it's true: a zombie
can *never* be
President!

1961

The start of
the
year always
calls for
a super-
celebration.

What is better,
therefore,
than a super-cartoon
by French cartoonist

Dubout
of a super-celebration
to wish you all a

**HAPPY
NEW YEAR**

1961



La fête au village PAR DUBOUT

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

...are made by famous people, too. Here is an inside-inside-inside report of what some celebrities are vowing for 1961. Resolved:

...to work for increased production, unity and harmony of the countries of the socialist camp, led, of course, by China.—Mao Tse-tung

...to work for increased production, unity and harmony within the countries of the socialist camp, led, of course, by Russia.—Nikita Khrushchev

...to personally pledge to every Soviet woman an extra sugar ration and a pair of Cuban heels.—Mrs. Nikita Khrushchev

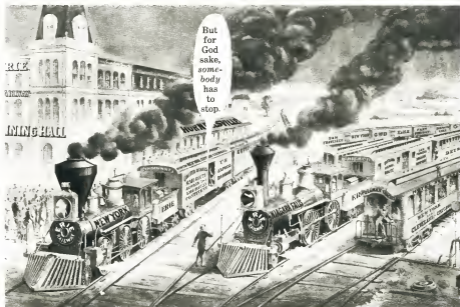
...to see the building of my pyramid in Tel-Aviv.—Gamal Abdel Nasser

...to increase the glory of France and her place as a first power in the universe, by getting a nose job.—Charles De Gaulle

...to disagree with the Americans at least once this year.—Harold Macmillan

...not to invade Red China before 1962.—Chang Kai-Shek

...to shave this year, no matter what Nikita says.—Fidel Castro



THE OPEN WINDOW

by Saki

"My AUNT will be down presently,
Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-
possessed young lady of fifteen;
"in the meantime you must
try and put up with me."

Framton
Nuttel endeavoured to
say the correct some-
thing which should
duly flatter the niece
of the moment
without unduly
discounting the
aunt that was
to come.

continued—



The child
was staring
out through the
open window
with dazed horror
in her eyes.
In a chill shock
of nameless
fear
Framton
swung round.

Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this rest-

ful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, my husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing, 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window—"

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

GINA LOLLABRIGIDA IN WHERE THE HOT WIND BLOWS



"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; "my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting.

To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic; he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably wide-spread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention—but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehen-

sion. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window; they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall-door, the gravel-drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat.

* * *

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window; "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make any one lose their nerve. . . ."

END





The Prize of Peril

by
**Robert
Sheckley**

Raeder lifted his head cautiously above the window sill. He saw the fire escape, and below it a narrow alley. There was a weatherbeaten baby carriage in the alley, and three garbage cans. As he watched, a black-sleeved arm moved from behind the farthest can, with something shiny in its fist. Raeder ducked down. A bullet smashed through the window above his head and punctured the ceiling, showering him with plaster.

Now he knew about the alley. It was guarded, just like the door.

He lay at full length on the cracked linoleum, staring at the bullet hole in the ceiling, listening to the sounds outside the door. He was a tall man with bloodshot eyes and a two-day stubble. Grime and fatigue had etched lines into his face. Fear had touched his features, tightening a muscle here and twitching a nerve there. The results were startling. His face had character now, for it was reshaped by the expectation of death.

There was a gunman in the alley and two on the stairs. He was trapped. He was dead.

Sure, Raeder thought, he still moved and breathed; but that was only because of death's inefficiency. Death would take care of him in a few minutes. Death would poke holes in his face and body, artistically dab his clothes with blood, arrange his limbs in some grotesque position of the graveyard ballet . . . Raeder bit his lip sharply. He wanted to live. There had to be a way.

He rolled onto his stomach and surveyed the dingy cold-water apartment into which the killers had driven him. It was a perfect little one-room coffin. It had a door, which was watched, and a fire escape, which was watched. And it had a tiny windowless bathroom.

He crawled to the bathroom and stood up. There was a ragged hole in the ceiling, almost four inches wide. If he could enlarge it, crawl through into the apartment above . . .

He heard a muffled thud. The killers were impatient. They were beginning to break down the door.

He studied the hole in the ceiling. No use even considering it. He could never enlarge it in time.

They were smashing against the door, grunting each time they struck. Soon the lock would tear out, or the

continued



hinges would pull out of the rotting wood. The door would go down, and the two blank-faced men would enter, dusting off their jackets. . . .

But surely someone would help him! He took the tiny television set from his pocket. The picture was blurred, and he didn't bother to adjust it. The audio was clear and precise.

He listened to the well-modulated voice of Mike Terry addressing his vast audience.

"... terrible spot," Terry was saying. "Yes, folks, Jim Raeder is in a truly terrible predicament. He had been hiding, you'll remember, in a third-rate Broadway hotel under an assumed name. It seemed safe enough. But the bellhop recognized him, and gave that information to the Thompson gang."

The door creaked under repeated blows. Raeder clutched the little television set and listened.

"Jim Raeder just managed to escape from the hotel! Closely pursued, he entered a brownstone at one fifty-six West End Avenue. His intention was to go over the roof. And it might have worked, folks, it just might have worked. But the roof door was locked. It looked like the end. . . . But Raeder found that apartment seven was unoccupied and unlocked. He entered. . . ."

Terry paused for emphasis, then cried: "—and now he's trapped there, trapped like a rat in a cage! The Thompson gang is breaking down the door! The fire escape is guarded! Our camera crew, situated in a near-by building, is giving you a closeup now. Look, folks, just look! Is there no hope for Jim Raeder?"

Is there no hope? Raeder silently echoed, perspiration pouring from him as he stood in the dark, stifling little bathroom, listening to the steady thud against the door.

"Wait a minute!" Mike Terry cried. "Hang on, Jim Raeder, hang on a little longer. Perhaps there is hope! I have an urgent call from one of our viewers, a call on the Good Samaritan Line! Here's someone who thinks he can help you, Jim. Are you listening, Jim Raeder?"

Raeder waited, and heard the hinges tearing out of rotten wood.

"Go right ahead, sir," said Mike Terry. "What is your name, sir?"

"Er—Felix Bartholemow."

"Don't be nervous, Mr. Bartholemow. Go right ahead."

"Well, OK, Mr. Raeder," said an old man's shaking voice. "I used to live at one five six West End Avenue. Same apartment you're trapped in, Mr. Raeder — fact! Look, that bathroom has got a window, Mr. Raeder. It's been painted over, but it has got a—"

Raeder pushed the television set into his pocket. He located the outlines of the window and kicked. Glass shattered, and daylight poured startlingly in. He cleared the jagged sill and quickly peered down.

Below was a long drop to a concrete courtyard.

The hinges tore free. He heard the door opening. Quickly Raeder climbed through the window, hung by his fingertips for a moment, and dropped.

The shock was stunning. Groggily he stood up. A face appeared at the bathroom window.

"Tough luck," said the man, leaning out and taking careful aim with a snub-nosed .38.

At that moment a smoke bomb exploded inside the

bathroom.

The killer's shot went wide. He turned, cursing. More smoke bombs burst in the courtyard, obscuring Raeder's figure.

He could hear Mike Terry's frenzied voice over the TV set in his pocket. "Now run for it!" Terry was screaming. "Run, Jim Raeder, run for your life. Run now, while the killer's eyes are filled with smoke. And thank Good Samaritan Sarah Winters, of three four one two Edgar Street, Brockton, Mass., for donating five smoke bombs and employing the services of a man to throw them!"

In a quieter voice, Terry continued: "You've saved a man's life today, Mrs. Winters. Would you tell our audience how it—"

Raeder wasn't able to hear any more. He was running through the smoke-filled courtyard, past clotheslines, into the open street.

He walked down 63rd Street, slouching to minimize his height, staggering slightly from exertion, dizzy from lack of food and sleep.

"Hey you!"

Raeder turned. A middle-aged woman was sitting on the steps of a brownstone, frowning at him.

"You're Raeder, aren't you? The one they're trying to kill?"

Raeder started to walk away.

"Come inside here, Raeder," the woman said.

Perhaps it was a trap. But Raeder knew that he had to depend upon the generosity and goodheartedness of the people. He was their representative, a projection of themselves, an average guy in trouble. Without them, he was lost. With them, nothing could harm him.

Trust in the people, Mike Terry had told him. They'll never let you down.

He followed the woman into her parlor. She told him to sit down and left the room, returning almost immediately with a plate of stew. She stood watching him while he ate, as one would watch an ape in the zoo eat peanuts.

Two children came out of the kitchen and stared at him. Three overalls men came out of the bedroom and focused a television camera on him. There was a big television set in the parlor. As he gulped his food, Raeder watched the image of Mike Terry, and listened to the man's strong, sincere, worried voice.

"There he is, folks," Terry was saying. "There's Jim Raeder now, eating his first square meal in two days. Our camera crews have really been working to cover this for you! Thanks, boys. . . . Folks, Jim Raeder has been given a brief sanctuary by Mrs. Velma O'Dell, of three forty-three Sixty-Third Street. Thank you, Good Samaritan O'Dell! It's really wonderful how people from all walks of life have taken Jim Raeder to their hearts!"

"You better hurry," Mrs. O'Dell said.

"Yes, ma'am," Raeder said.

"I don't want no gunplay in my apartment."

"I'm almost finished, ma'am."

One of the children asked, "Aren't they going to kill him?"

"Shut up," said Mrs. O'Dell.

"Yes, Jim," chanted Mike Terry, "you'd better hurry. Your killers aren't far behind. They aren't stupid men,

continued on page 44

Sit-ins, okay,
but lie-ins . . . ?



The Prize of Peril *continued from page 42*

Jim. Vicious, warped, insane—yes! But not stupid. They're following a trail of blood—blood from your torn hand, Jim!"

Raeder hadn't realized until now that he'd cut his hand on the window sill.

"Here, I'll bandage that," Mrs. O'Dell said. Raeder stood up and let her bandage his hand. Then she gave him a brown jacket and a gray slouch hat.

"My husband's stuff," she said.

"He has a disguise, folks!" Mike Terry cried delightedly. "This is something new! A disguise! With seven hours to go until he's safe!"

"Now get out of here," Mrs. O'Dell said.

"I'm going, ma'am," Raeder said. "Thanks."

"I think you're stupid," she said. "I think you're stupid to be involved in this."

"Yes, ma'am."

"It just isn't worth it."

Raeder thanked her and left. He walked to Broadway, caught a subway to 59th Street, then an uptown local to 86th. There he bought a newspaper and changed for the Manhasset through-express.

He glanced at his watch. He had six and a half hours to go.

The subway roared under Manhattan. Raeder dozed, his bandaged hand concealed under the newspaper, the hat pulled over his face. Had he been recognized yet? Had he shaken the Thompson gang? Or was someone tele-

phoning them now?

Dreamily he wondered if he had escaped death. Or was he still a cleverly animated corpse, moving around because of death's inefficiency? (My dear, death is so *laggard* these days! Jim Raeder walked about for hours after he died, and actually answered people's questions before he could be decently buried!)

Raeder's eyes snapped open. He had dreamed something . . . unpleasant. He couldn't remember what.

He closed his eyes again and remembered, with mild astonishment, a time when he had been in no trouble.

That was two years ago. He had been a big, pleasant young man working as a truck driver's helper. He had no talents. He was too modest to have dreams.

The tight-faced little truck driver had the dreams for him. "Why not try for a television show, Jim? I would if I had your looks. They like nice average guys with nothing much on the ball. As contestants. Everybody likes guys like that. Why not look into it?"

So he had looked into it. The owner of the local television store had explained it further.

"You see, Jim, the public is sick of highly trained athletes with their trick reflexes and their professional courage. Who can feel for guys like that? Who can identify? People want to watch exciting things, sure. But not when some joker is making it his business for fifty thousand a year. That's why organized sports are in a slump. That's why the thrill shows are booming."

"I see," said Raeder.

"Six years ago, Jim, Congress passed the Voluntary

Civil War Vignettes by Jack Davis



Suicide Act. Those old senators talked a lot about free will and self-determinism at the time. But that's all crap. You know what the Act really means? It means that amateurs can risk their lives for the big loot, not just professionals. In the old days you had to be a professional boxer or footballer or hockey player if you wanted your brains beaten out legally for money. But now that opportunity is open to ordinary people like you, Jim."

"I see," Raeder said again.

"It's a marvelous opportunity. Take you. You're no better than anyone, Jim. Anything you can do, anyone can do. You're *average*. I think the thrill shows would go for you."

Raeder permitted himself to dream. Television shows looked like a sure road to riches for a pleasant young fellow with no particular talent or training. He wrote a letter to a show called *Hazard* and enclosed a photograph of himself.

Hazard was interested in him. The JBC network investigated, and found that he was average enough to satisfy the warriest viewer. His parentage and affiliations were checked. At last he was summoned to New York, and interviewed by Mr. Moulian.

Moulian was dark and intense, and chewed gum as he talked. "You'll do," he snapped. "But not for *Hazard*. You'll appear on *Spills*. It's a half-hour daytime show on Channel Three."

"Gee," said Raeder.

"Don't thank me. There's a thousand dollars if you win

or place second, and a consolation prize of a hundred dollars if you lose. But that's not important."

"No, sir."

"*Spills* is a little show. The JBC network uses it as a testing ground. First- and second-place winners on *Spills* move on to *Emergency*. The prizes are much bigger on *Emergency*."

"I know they are, sir."

"And if you do well on *Emergency* there are the first-class thrill shows, like *Hazard* and *Underwater Perils*, with their nationwide coverage and enormous prizes. And then comes the really big time. How far you go is up to you."

"I'll do my best, sir," Raeder said.

Moulian stopped chewing gum for a moment and said, almost reverently, "You can do it, Jim. Just remember. You're *the people*, and *the people* can do anything."

The way he said it made Raeder feel momentarily sorry for Mr. Moulian, who was dark and frizzy-haired and pop-eyed, and was obviously not *the people*.

They shook hands. Then Raeder signed a paper absolving the JBC of all responsibility should he lose his life, limbs or reason during the contest. And he signed another paper exercising his rights under the Voluntary Suicide Act. The law required this, and it was a mere formality.

In three weeks, he appeared on *Spills*.

The program followed the classic form of the automobile race. Untrained drivers climbed into powerful American and European competition cars and raced over a murderous twenty-mile course. Raeder was shaking with



fear as he slid his big Maserati into the wrong gear and took off.

The race was a screaming, tire-burning nightmare. Raeder stayed back, letting the early leaders smash themselves up on the counter-banked hairpin turns. He crept into third place when a Jaguar in front of him swerved against an Alfa-Romeo, and the two cars roared into a plowed field. Raeder gunned for second place on the last three miles, but couldn't find passing room. An S-curve almost took him, but he fought the car back on the road, still holding third. Then the lead driver broke a crankshaft in the final fifty yards, and Jim ended in second place.

He was now a thousand dollars ahead. He received four fan letters, and a lady in Oshkosh sent him a pair of argyles. He was invited to appear on *Emergency*.

Unlike the others, *Emergency* was not a competition-type program. It stressed individual initiative. For the show, Raeder was knocked out with a non-habit-forming narcotic. He awoke in the cockpit of a small airplane, cruising on auto-pilot at ten thousand feet. His fuel gauge showed nearly empty. He had no parachute. He was supposed to land the plane.

Of course, he had never flown before.

He experimented gingerly with the controls, remembering that last week's participant had recovered consciousness in a submarine, had opened the wrong valve, and had drowned.

Thousands of viewers watched spellbound as this average man, a man just like themselves, struggled with the

situation just as they would do. Jim Raeder was *them*. Anything he could do, they could do. He was representative of *the people*.

Raeder managed to bring the ship down in some semblance of a landing. He flipped over a few times, but his seat belt held. And the engine, contrary to expectation, did not burst into flames.

He staggered out with two broken ribs, three thousand dollars, and a chance, when he healed, to appear on *Torero*.

At last, a first-class thrill show! *Torero* paid ten thousand dollars. All you had to do was kill a black Miura bull with a sword, just like a real trained matador.

The fight was held in Madrid, since bullfighting was still illegal in the United States. It was nationally televised.

Raeder had a good cuadrilla. They liked the big, slow-moving American. The picadors really leaned into their lances, trying to slow the bull for him. The banderilleros tried to run the beast off his feet before driving in their banderillas. And the second matador, a mournful man from Algeciras, almost broke the bull's neck with fancy cape work.

But when all was said and done it was Jim Raeder on the sand, a red muleta clumsily gripped in his left hand, a sword in his right, facing a ton of black, blood-streaked, wide-horned bull.

Someone was shouting, "Try for the lung, *hombre*. Don't be a hero, stick him in the lung." But Jim only knew what the technical adviser in New York had told him:



JOHN MERIVALE, DICK SULLIVAN IN CATHOS

Aim with the sword and go in over the horns.

Over he went. The sword bounced off bone, and the bull tossed him over its back. He stood up, miraculously ungouged, took another sword and went over the horns again with his eyes closed. The god who protects children and fools must have been watching, for the sword slid in like a needle through butter, and the bull looked startled, stared at him unbelievably, and dropped like a deflated balloon.

They paid him ten thousand dollars, and his broken collar bone healed in practically no time. He received twenty-three fan letters, including a passionate invitation from a girl in Atlantic City, which he ignored. And they asked him if he wanted to appear on another show.

He had lost some of his innocence. He was now fully aware that he had been almost killed for pocket money. The big loot lay ahead. Now he wanted to be almost killed for something worthwhile.

So he appeared on *Underwater Perils*, sponsored by Fairlady's Soap. In face mask, respirator, weighted belt, flippers and knife, he slipped into the warm waters of the Caribbean with four other contestants, followed by a cage-protected camera crew. The idea was to locate and bring up a treasure which the sponsor had hidden there.

Mask diving isn't especially hazardous. But the sponsor had added some frills for public interest. The area was sown with giant clams, moray eels, sharks of several species, giant octopuses, poison coral, and other dangers of the deep.

It was a stirring contest. A man from Florida found

the treasure in a deep crevice, but a moray eel found him. Another diver took the treasure, and a shark took him. The brilliant blue-green water became cloudy with blood, which photographed well on color TV. The treasure slipped to the bottom and Raeder plunged after it, popping an eardrum in the process. He plucked it from the coral, jettisoned his weighted belt and made for the surface. Thirty feet from the top he had to fight another diver for the treasure.

They feinted back and forth with their knives. The man struck, slashing Raeder across the chest. But Raeder, with the self-possession of an old contestant, dropped his knife and tore the man's respirator out of his mouth.

That did it. Raeder surfaced, and presented the treasure at the stand-by-boat. It turned out to be a package of Fairlady's Soap—"The Greatest Treasure of All."

That netted him twenty-two thousand dollars in cash and prizes, and three hundred and eight fan letters, and an interesting proposition from a girl in Macon, which he seriously considered. He received free hospitalization for his knife slash and burst eardrum, and injections for coral infection.


But best of all, he was invited to appear on the biggest of the thrill shows, *The Prize of Peril*.

And that was when the real trouble began. . . .

The subway came to a stop, jolting him out of his reverie. Raeder pushed back his hat and observed, across the aisle, a man staring at him and whispering to a stout woman. Had they recognized him?

continued on page 58





Fidel... Fidel,
can you hear me?
This is Nikita... turn
the page, now look alert,
and raise your hand
when I count to
ten... 1-2-3
4-5...



YANKI COKER

INSIDE COKER INSIDE CUBA

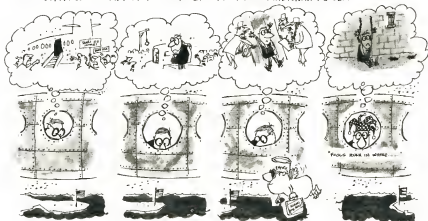
HELPS recently sent its great and good friend, Paul (rhymes with Sahl) Coker to Havana. Assignment: To Get the Truth Behind the Revolution. Names make news. Cuba is a name. Castro is a name. The following is artist Coker's sketchbook of... CASTRO'S CUBA!

*Ed's note: At this writing, no one has bearded—or unbearded—Castro in his den.





THE MAGAZINE GAVE ME A ROLICKING, TWO DAY, EXPENSE-PAID TRIP TO HAVANA.....
 ALSO A LIST OF FOLKS TO CALL IN CASE OF...ER.....PROBLEMS.




THE EXPLOSIVE ATMOSPHERE IN HAVANA WAS NOT
 IMMEDIATELY APPARENT AT THE AIRPORT.....





.....OR AT THE HOTEL.




 DESPITE THE VIGILANT POLICE
 FORCE, PEOPLE SEEMED TO BE
 HAPPILY INVOLVED IN THEIR VARIOUS
 OCCUPATIONS. THEY WERE ESPECIALLY
 FRIENDLY AND COURTEOUS TO THE BUREAU
 COLONY WHICH CONSISTED OF.....



ME.

I LOOKED AT A VARIETY OF TOURIST ATTRACTIONS.....



...CATHEDRAL.....



... MORRO CASTLE.....THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE.....



... AND WAS TOLD ABOUT PLACES WHERE
FRIENDLY LADIES WERE VERY COMMON.....



....SO....AFTER A WHILE....EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT
EXACTLY AGGRESSIVE....I GOT A DATE WITH
A ~~VERY~~ FRIENDLY LADY.....





..... AND SHE INVITED ME UP TO HER APARTMENT.....



.... TO MEET HER MOTHER, SISTER, TWO BROTHERS AND HER SISTER'S BOYFRIEND.



THEN WE LEFT FOR AN EVENING OF DINING, DANCING.....



... AND A MIDNIGHT STROLL THROUGH TROPICAL GARDENS OVERLOOKING THE GULF OF MEXICO .



AND SO...HAVING FORGOTTEN
WHAT MY ASSIGNMENT WAS....
I RETURNED TO NEW YORK
TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS REALLY
HAPPENING IN STRIFE-TORN CUBA.



Uh-uh-uh,
no flying
allowed!



joke-of-the-month



THE SADDEST STORY EVER TOLD

A very troubled man went to see a very famous psychiatrist. "My problem," said the troubled man, "is that I forget everything. I leave the office and I forget where I work. I forget that I've ordered and walk out of the restaurant. I light a cigarette and find I've got one in my mouth already. I even forget when I've made a date with a girl."

"I can see," said the famous psychiatrist, "that this is a great inconvenience for you, and I shall do what I can to help. Now, tell me, sir, when was it you first noticed this problem?"

The troubled man look up, scratching his chin -

"What problem?"



The Prize of Peril *continued from page 47*

He stood up as soon as the doors opened, and glanced at his watch. He had five hours to go.

At the Manhasset station he stepped into a taxi and told the driver to take him to New Salem.

"New Salem?" the driver asked, looking at him in the rear vision mirror.

"That's right."

The driver snapped on his radio. "Fare to New Salem. Yep, that's right. New Salem."

They drove off. Raeder frowned, wondering if it had been a signal. It was perfectly usual for taxi drivers to report to their dispatchers, of course. But something about the man's voice.

"Let me off here," Raeder said.

He paid the driver and began walking down a narrow country road that curved through sparse woods. The trees were too small and too widely separated for shelter. Raeder walked on, looking for a place to hide.

There was a heavy truck approaching. He kept on walking, pulling his hat low on his forehead. But as the truck drew near, he heard a voice from the television set in his pocket. It cried, "Watch out!"

He flung himself into the ditch. The truck careened past, narrowly missing him, and screeched to a stop. The driver was shouting, "There he goes! Shoot, Harry, shoot!"

Bullets clipped leaves from the trees as Raeder sprinted into the woods.

"It's happened again!" Mike Terry was saying, his voice high-pitched with excitement. "I'm afraid Jim Raeder let himself be lulled into a false sense of security. You can't do that, Jim! Not with your life at stake! Not with killers pursuing you! Be careful, Jim, you still have four and a half hours to go!"

The driver was saying, "Claude, Harry, go around with the truck. We got him boxed."

"They've got you boxed, Jim Raeder!" Mike Terry cried. "But they haven't got you yet! And you can thank Good Samaritan Susy Peters of twelve Elm Street, South Orange, New Jersey, for that warning shout just when the truck was bearing down on you. We'll have little Susy on stage in just a moment. . . . Look, folks, our studio helicopter has arrived on the scene. Now you can see Jim Raeder running, and the killers pursuing, surrounding him . . ."

Raeder ran through a hundred yards of woods and found himself on a concrete highway, with open woods beyond. One of the killers was trotting through the woods behind him. The truck had driven to a connecting road, and was now a mile away, coming toward him.

A car was approaching from the other direction. Raeder ran into the highway, waving frantically. The car came to a stop.

"Hurry!" cried the blond young woman driving it.

Raeder dived in. The woman made a U-turn on the highway. A bullet smashed through the windshield. She stamped on the accelerator, almost running down the lone



killer who stood in the way.

The car surged away before the truck was within firing range.

Raeder leaned back and shut his eyes tightly. The woman concentrated on her driving, watching for the truck in her rear-vision mirror.

"It's happened again!" cried Mike Terry, his voice ecstatic. *"Jim Raeder has been plucked again from the jaws of death, thanks to Good Samaritan Janice Morrow of four three three Lexington Avenue, New York City. Did you ever see anything like it, folks? The way Miss Morrow drove through a fusillade of bullets and plucked Jim Raeder from the mouth of doom! Later we'll interview Miss Morrow and get her reactions. Now, while Jim Raeder speeds away—perhaps to safety, perhaps to further peril—we'll have a short announcement from our sponsor. Don't go away! Jim's got four hours and ten minutes until he's safe. Anything can happen!"*

"OK," the girl said. "We're off the air now. Raeder, what in the hell is the matter with you?"

"Eh?" Raeder asked. The girl was in her early twenties. She looked efficient, attractive, untouchable. Raeder noticed that she had good features, a trim figure. And he noticed that she seemed angry.

"Miss," he said, "I don't know how to thank you for—"

"Talk straight," Janice Morrow said. "I'm no Good Samaritan. I'm employed by the JBC network."

"So the program had me rescued!"

"Cleverly reasoned," she said.

"But why?"

"Look, this is an expensive show, Raeder. We have to turn in a good performance. If our rating slips, we'll all be in the street selling candy apples. And you aren't co-operating."

"What? Why?"

"Because you're terrible," the girl said bitterly. "You're a flop, a fiasco. Are you trying to commit suicide? Haven't you learned anything about survival?"

"I'm doing the best I can."

"The Thompsons could have had you a dozen times by now. We told them to take it easy, stretch it out. But it's like shooting a clay pigeon six feet tall. The Thompsons are co-operating, but they can only fake so far. If I hadn't come along, they'd have had to kill you—air-time or not."

Raeder stared at her, wondering how such a pretty girl could talk that way. She glanced at him, then quickly looked back to the road.

"Don't give me that look!" she said. "You chose to risk your life for money, huster. And plenty of money! You knew the score. Don't act like some innocent little grocer who finds the nasty hoods are after him. That's a different plot."

"I know," Raeder said.

"If you can't live well, at least try to die well."

"You don't mean that," Raeder said.

"Don't be too sure. . . . You've got three hours and forty minutes until the end of the show. If you can stay alive, fine. The boodle's yours. But if you can't, at least try to give them a run for the money."

Raeder nodded, staring intently at her.



PRESTON AND DOROTHY McGUIRE IN BED AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

"In a few moments we're back on the air. I develop engine trouble, let you off. The Thompsons go all out now. They kill you when and if they can, as soon as they can. Understand?"

"Yes," Raeder said. "If I make it, can I see you some time?"

She hit her lip angrily. "Are you trying to kid me?"

"No. I'd like to see you again. May I?"

She looked at him curiously. "I don't know. Forget it. We're almost on. I think your best bet is the woods to the right. Ready?"

"Yes. Where can I get in touch with you? Afterward, I mean."

"Oh, Raeder, you aren't paying attention. Go through the woods until you find a washed-out ravine. It isn't much, but it'll give you some cover."

"Where can I get in touch with you?" Raeder asked again.

"I'm in the Manhattan telephone book." She stopped the car. "OK, Raeder, start running."

He opened the door.

"Wait," she leaned over and kissed him on the lips.

"Good luck, you idiot. Call me if you make it."

And then he was on foot, running in the woods.

He ran through hirsch and pine, past an occasional split-level house with staring faces at the big picture window. Some occupant of those houses must have called the gang, for they were close behind him when he reached the washed-out little ravine. Those quiet, mannerly, law-

abiding people didn't want him to escape, Raeder thought sadly. They wanted to see a killing. Or perhaps they wanted to see him *narrowly escape* a killing.

It came to the same thing, really.

He entered the ravine, hurried into the thick underbrush and lay still. The Thompsons appeared on both ridges, moving slowly, watching for any movement. Raeder held his breath as they came parallel to him.

He heard the quick explosion of a revolver. But the killer had only shot a squirrel. It squirmed for a moment, then lay still.

Lying in the underbrush, Raeder heard the studio helicopter overhead. He wondered if any cameras were focused on him. It was possible. And if someone were watching, perhaps some Good Samaritan would help.

So looking upward, toward the helicopter, Raeder arranged his face in a reverent expression, clasped his hands and prayed. He prayed silently, for the audience didn't like religious ostentation. But his lips moved. That was every man's privilege.

And a real prayer was on his lips. Once, a lip-reader in the audience had detected a fugitive *pretending* to pray, but actually just reciting multiplication tables. No help for that man!

Raeder finished his prayer. Glancing at his watch, he saw that he had nearly two hours to go.

And he didn't want to die! It wasn't worth it, no matter how much they paid! He must have been crazy, absolutely insane to agree to such a thing. . . .

But he knew that wasn't true. And he remembered just



how sane he had been.

One week ago he had been on the *Prize of Peril* stage, blinking in the spotlight, and Mike Terry had shaken his hand.

"Now, Mr. Raeder," Terry had said solemnly, "do you understand the rules of the game you are about to play?" Raeder nodded.

"If you accept, Jim Raeder, you will be a *hunted man* for a week. *Killers* will follow you, Jim. *Trained killers*, men wanted by the law for other crimes, granted immunity for this single killing under the Voluntary Suicide Act. They will be trying to kill you, Jim. Do you understand?"

"I understand," Raeder said. He also understood the two hundred thousand dollars he would receive if he could live out the week.

"I ask you again, Jim Raeder. We force no man to play for stakes of death."

"I want to play," Raeder said.

Mike Terry turned to the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen, I have here a copy of an exhaustive psychological test which an impartial psychological testing firm made on Jim Raeder at our request. Copies will be sent to anyone who desires them for twenty-five cents to cover the cost of mailing. The test shows that Jim Raeder is sane, well-balanced, and fully responsible in every way." He turned to Raeder. "Do you still want to enter the contest, Jim?"

"Yes, I do."

"Very well!" cried Mike Terry. "Jim Raeder, meet your would-be killers!"

The Thompson gang moved on stage, booed by the audience.

"Look at them, folks," said Mike Terry, with undisguised contempt. "Just look at them! Antisocial, thoroughly vicious, completely amoral. These men have no code but the criminal's warped code, no honor but the honor of the cowardly hired killer. They are doomed men, doomed by our society which will not sanction their activities for long, fated to an early and unglamorous death."

The audience shouted enthusiastically.

"What have you to say, Claude Thompson?" Terry asked.

Claude, the spokesman of the Thompsons, stepped up to the microphone. He was a thin, clean-shaven man, conservatively dressed.

"I figure," Claude Thompson said hoarsely, "I figure we're no worse than anybody. I mean, like soldiers in a war, they kill. And look at the graft in government, and the unions. Everybody's got their graft."

That was Thompson's tenuous code. But how quickly, with what precision, Mike Terry destroyed the killer's rationalizations! Terry's questions pierced straight to the filthy soul of the man.

At the end of the interview Claude Thompson was perspiring, mopping his face with a silk handkerchief and casting quick glances at his men.

Mike Terry put a hand on Raeder's shoulder. "Here is the man who has agreed to become your victim—if you can catch him."

"We'll catch him," Thompson said, his confidence re-



turning.

"Don't be too sure," said Terry. "Jim Raeder has fought wild bulls—now he battles jackals. He's an average man. He's the people—who mean ultimate doom to you and your kind."

"We'll get him," Thompson said.

"And one thing more," Terry said, very softly. "Jim Raeder does not stand alone. The folks of America are for him. Good Samaritans from all corners of our great nation stand ready to assist him. Unarmed, defenseless, Jim Raeder can count on the aid and goodheartedness of the people, whose representative he is. So don't be too sure, Claude Thompson! The average men are for Jim Raeder—and there are a lot of average men!"

Raeder thought about it, lying motionless in the underbrush. Yes, the people had helped him. But they had helped the killers, too.

A tremor ran through him. He had chosen, he reminded himself. He alone was responsible. The psychological test had proved that.

And yet, how responsible were the psychologists who had given him the test? How responsible was Mike Terry for offering a poor man so much money? Society had woven the noose and put it around his neck, and he was hanging himself with it, and calling it free will.

Whose fault?

"Aha!" someone cried.

Raeder looked up and saw a portly man standing near him. The man wore a loud tweed jacket. He had binoculars around his neck, and a cane in his hand.

"Mister," Raeder whispered, "please don't tell—"

"Hi!" shouted the portly man, pointing at Raeder with his cane. "Here he is!"

A madman, thought Raeder. The damned fool must think he's playing Hare and Hounds.

"Right over here!" the man screamed.

Cursing, Raeder sprang to his feet and began running. He came out of the ravine and saw a white building in the distance. He turned toward it. Behind him he could still hear the man.

"That way, over there. Look, you fools, can't you see him yet?"

The killers were shooting again. Raeder ran, stumbling over uneven ground, past three children playing in a tree house.

"Here he is!" the children screamed. "Here he is!"

Raeder groaned and ran on. He reached the steps of the building, and saw that it was a church.

As he opened the door, a bullet struck him behind the right kneecap.

He fell, and crawled inside the church.

The television set in his pocket was saying, "What a finish, folks, what a finish! Raeder's been hit! He's been hit, folks, he's crawling now, he's in pain, but he hasn't given up! Not Jim Raeder!"

Raeder lay in the aisle near the altar. He could hear a child's eager voice saying, "He went in there, Mr. Thompson. Hurry, you can still catch him!"

Wasn't a church considered a sanctuary? Raeder wondered.

Then the door was flung open, and Raeder realized that the custom was no longer observed. He gathered himself

together and crawled past the altar, out the back door of the church.

He was in an old graveyard. He crawled past crosses and stars, past slabs of marble and granite, past stone tombs and rude wooden markers. A bullet exploded on a tombstone near his head, showering him with fragments. He crawled to the edge of an open grave.

They had received him, he thought. All of those nice average normal people. Hadn't they said he was their representative? Hadn't they sworn to protect their own? But no, they loathed him. Why hadn't he seen it? Their hero was the cold, blank-eyed gunman, Thompson, Capone, Billy the Kid, Young Lochinvar, El Cid, Cuchulain, the man without human hopes or fears. They worshiped him, that dead, implacable, robot gunman, and lusted to feel his foot in their face.

Raeder tried to move, and slid helplessly into the open grave.

He lay on his back, looking at the blue sky. Presently a black silhouette loomed above him, blotting out the sky. Metal twinkled. The silhouette slowly took aim.

And Raeder gave up all hope forever. "WAIT, THOMPSON!" roared the amplified voice of Mike Terry.

The revolver wavered.

"It is one, second past five o'clock! The week is up! JIM RAEDER HAS WON!"

There was a pandemonium of cheering from the studio audience.

The Thompson gang, gathered around the grave, looked sullen.

"He's won, friends, he's won!" Mike Terry cried.

"Look, look on your screen! The police have arrived, they're taking the Thompsons away from their victim—the victim they could not kill. And all this is thanks to you, Good Samaritans of America. Look, folks, tender hands are lifting Jim Raeder from the open grave that was his final refuge. Good Samaritan Janice Morrow is there. Could this be the beginning of a romance? Jim seems to have fainted, friends, they're giving him a stimulant. He's won two hundred thousand dollars! Now we'll have a few words from Jim Raeder!"

There was a short silence.

"That's odd," said Mike Terry. "Folks, I'm afraid we can't hear from Jim just now. The doctors are examining him. Just one moment . . ."

There was a silence. Mike Terry wiped his forehead and smiled.

"It's the strain, folks, the terrible strain. The doctor tells me . . . Well, folks, Jim Raeder is temporarily not himself. But it's only temporary! JBC is hiring the best psychiatrists and psychoanalysts in the country. We're going to do everything humanly possible for this gallant boy. And entirely at our own expense."

Mike Terry glanced at the studio clock. "Well, it's about time to sign off, folks. Watch for the announcement of our next great thrill show. And don't worry, I'm sure that very soon we'll have Jim Raeder back with us."

Mike Terry smiled, and winked at the audience. "He's bound to get well, friends. After all, we're all pulling for him!"

END

THE PRIZE OF PERIL by Robert Sheekley; © 1958, by MERCURY PRESS, Inc. By permission of the Author.



Who's afraid
of Susskind?

IF YOU DON'T OWN ANY OF THE 33 1/3 RECORDS LISTED HERE, YOU ARE OUT! HERE ARE SOME OF THE FUNNIEST PEOPLE OF THE NEW GENERATION AND SOME OF THE STRANGEST OFF-BEAT RECORDINGS. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO OWN ANYTHING HERE, (AND IF YOU ARE HIP, YOU SHOULD LIKE TO—) FILL OUT THIS COUPON WITH THE PROPER AMOUNT OF BREAD ATTACHED AND MAIL IT RIGHT AWAY.



1. A CHILD'S GARDEN OF FREBERG
Stan Freberg fans will find all the Freberg classics here . . . St. George and the Dragonet, C'est Si Bon, Try, Heartbreak Hotel, Rock around Stephen Foster, Yellow Rose of Texas, John and Marsha, The Great Pretender, Rock Island Line, Sh-Boom," and many others.



2. BEAT GENERATION
Twenty-six-year-old Blake Reed is a real, genuine, sincere and way-out beatnik poet. In colleges and coffee shops around the country—and now on this record—he reads his own writings on the problems of getting and/or keeping heroin, religion and other basics.



3. BEAT GENERATION JAZZ POETRY
Music and Folk Lyrics by John Brent, Len Chandler and Hugh Ramney at the Greenwich Village Gaslight Cafe. These bonafide young beatniks recite Apple sauce and Peanut Butter, A Poem for Lamont Cranston, Nathan's Goat, and other cool poems.



5. WET TOE IN A HOT SOCKET!
Phyllis Diller, the thinking man's chatterbox, has swept the country with a lot of inside dirt such as "Cornflakes on the Rocks", "I'd Rather Cha Cha Than Eat", "Thrill Flight" and "Today Will Be Yesterday Tomorrow." We highly recommend Phyllis.



YOU'RE NOT LIKELY TO FIND IN THE SUPER-MARKET



7. PETER USTINOV SPORTS CARS
The Man of a Thousand Voices will dramatize for you . . . Why this is the first Grand Prix race to be held on Gibraltar since 1906 . . . What Fanfani said to Fandango . . . Why Comrade Valnikov (at the All-Union Center of Sports and Machinery) was an hand . . .



8. SMASH FLOPS—ILL-TIMED SONGS
Just read some of these titles of this collection of 12 ballads. "Congratulations Tam Dewey"—"I Wish I Was in Chicago (On St. Valentine's Day)"—"We're Depending On You, General Custer"—"There'll Always Be 48 States in the U.S.A."



10. LENNY BRUCE'S INTERVIEWS OF OUR TIMES
In addition to some more incomparable Lenny Bruce sickness, this album has the Sharty Patterstein Interview—a classic of a kind where a jazz musician give a highly inarticulate analysis of like the jazz scene.



11. DOWN TO EARTH
This is a new new new Jonathan Winters album, including comments on horror movies, amateur shaws, commercials, Great White Hunters, Broadway musicals and the pitfalls and pitfalls of being a Stand-Up Comedian. Get more out of life: listen to Winters.



12. FLANDERS & SWANN
This "after dinner farraago" of wild and delightfully weird songs was called the "Smallest, neatest and smartest revue ever staged" in London and was a box office smash in New York. But, unchanged by success, F & S are still the arrogant, opinionated pair.



13. SPIKE JONES IN HI-FI
Remember how funny the funny records used to be? Well, Spike Jones still is! "Wow" says Slaybay, the Grave Digger's Weekly comments, "Eek!" Buy it to hear a two-headed beatnik harmonize Stephen Foster, and countless other improbables.



4. THE BUTTON-DOWN MIND OF BOB NEWHART

Called "the best new comedian of the decade" by *Playboy* magazine, this exciting new comic has included in his album: Abe Lincoln vs. Madison Avenue — Merchandising the Wright Brothers and other very funny routines.



9. LENNY BRUCE TOGETHERNESS

He's pure sickness. Here is what the critics say about comic Lenny Bruce: "Lenny shouldn't be allowed in a neighborhood crap game, much less a night club." — *Los Angeles Mirror*. "Lenny Bruce is just a fad, a one-time-around freak attraction." — *Hy Gardner*.



14. KICK THY OWN SELF

Do you like to think you think? Well, you haven't thought a thought until you've heard Brother Dave Gardner proselytize sanity and humor. ("Masochism" the unbelievers call it.) As Gardner says, "The search is the kicks, man, and complacency ain't it!"



5. PAT HARRINGTON JR. AS GUIDO PANZINI

With Bill Dana, these two well-known Steve Allen Show personalities ad lib a record about which Steve says, "routines of this type are part of the rehearsal routine around our show... this package will be recognized as the funniest of the year."

GENERAL PROMOTION CO.
DEPT. H-6 BOX 6573
PHILADELPHIA 38, PA.

Please send me the records I have checked below, for which I am enclosing \$..... plus 20¢ per record to cover cost of mailing.

- | | |
|---|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1. A Child's Garden of Freberg | \$3.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 2. Beat Generation | \$3.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3. Beat Generation Jazz Poetry | \$3.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 4. The Buttondown Heart of Bob Newhart | \$3.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 5. Pat Harrington Jr. at Guido Panzini | \$3.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6. Wet Toe in a Hot Socket! | \$4.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 7. Peter Ustinov vs. Sports Cars | \$4.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 8. Smash Flops — Ill-Timed Songs | \$4.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 9. Lenny Bruce, Togetherness | \$4.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 10. The Wonderful World of Jonathan Winters | \$4.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 11. Down to Earth | \$4.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12. Flanders & Swann in B'way Hit — At The Drop of a Hat | \$4.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 13. Spike Jones in Hi-Fi | \$3.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 14. Kick Thy Own Self | \$4.98 |

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE

STATE

REWARD POSTER WITH YOUR NAME ON IT

Wait till the Bounty Hunters see this authentic-looking old west jail circular with your name on it. Big 11" x 17" size, printed in 2 colors.



General Promotions Co.
Dept. H-6 Box 6573
Philadelphia 38, Pa.

I want the following name imprinted:

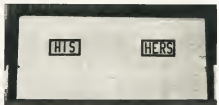
Please send me 1 imprinted poster. I enclose \$1.98 plus 25¢ for postage.

Name

Address

City Zone

HIS&HERS GARAGE DOOR MARKERS



For the guy and gal with everything and two cars to put it in, here are "HIS and HER" Garage Door Markers in beautiful mahogany. Each letter is individually die-cut and measures 3 x 5 inches. Also makes perfect markers for pool side cabanas, twin bed headboards, etc.

Please send me a set of "His and Hers" garage door markers, with mahogany borders. I have enclosed \$2.98 plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

General Promotions Co. Dept. H-6
Box 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Name

Address

City Zone

State

CUSTOM MADE NAME PLATE

Your car is as personalized as your name with this good-looking custom-made gold-tone metal name plate on your dashboard! Measuring 2 1/2 inches in length, it's self-adhesive to stick firmly in place in any kind of climate on any kind of road.

This Car Made Especially For
RALPH SPEAR

General Promotions Co. Dept. H-6
Box 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Please send me a custom-made gold-tone metal name plate. I have enclosed \$1.00 plus 25¢ for postage and handling.

Name

Address

City Zone

State



IMAGINE YOU STARRING IN A MOVIE WITH JAYNE MANSFIELD

Imagine how impressed your friends will be when they see your name given top billing with Jayne Mansfield on this beautiful full-color, 17 x 28" movie poster. Here's a real beauty for your bar, den, office or even bedroom. Also makes a truly personalized gift for your "star-struck" friends! Movie poster imprinted with your name or any other name you give us for only \$2.98.

Inflates in 35 seconds!



Do you have a little nephew you would like to see fly away like in this picture?

This monster balloon inflates to a ridiculous size (do it with a vacuum-cleaner) and only costs \$2.00 plus 50¢ for handling.

General Promotions Co., Dept. H-6 Box 6573 Philadelphia 38, Pa.

Please send me giant balloon deflated (sorry, air not included) for which I have enclosed \$2.50

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pg. 45



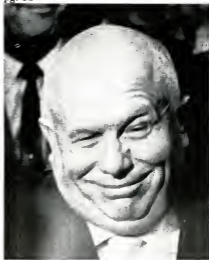
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pg. 55



pg. 63



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